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## SELECTED.

### ALEXANDER VOLTA.

The last number of the Journal of Science and the Arts contains an Obituary notice of this great Italian philosopher, who died at Como, on 5th of March 1827, at the age of eighty-two years. He was born at Como, in 1745; was appointed professor of philosophy, at Pavia, and in that city, during twenty-five years, taught the true principles of electricity, and ornamented that science by many valuable discoveries. In 1782, he made several journeys in Europe, with his illustrious colleague, Scarpa, and received a gold medal from the Royal Society of London, for the discovery of his condenser. In 1801, he was in Paris, where he explained the nature, properties, and effect, of the pile which bears his name, and where a gold medal was decreed him as a testimony of admiration. Advantageous offers were made to draw him to other great European capitals, but he preferred his country to the brilliant prospects which were offered him, and he retired to his native place, occupying himself till near the close of his life with philosophy, and particularly with meteorology.

In early life, Volta devoted himself to the study of electricity and chemistry. At a later period he applied himself to perfecting the instrument for measuring electricity, and to the invention of new ones. The Electrophorus and Condenser owe their origin to him. The last apparatus is to the science of electricity, what

the microscope is in natural history, in permitting us to appreciate the quantities of that fluid, which by their feeble effects, would have entirely escaped the means formerly known. The hypothesis of the formation of hail is ingenious, and his observations upon the periodical return of clouds are not without interest.

It was Volta who discovered the inflammable gas of marshes, and furnished an explanation of the wondrous fires, and of those igneous phenomena, sometimes produced on the surface of the ground. He showed that they result from the combustion of this gas by means of electricity. It was on the discovery of an inflammable spring, that he suspected the true cause of this phenomenon, and which he attributed to the formation of a gas by the fermentation of vegetable and animal substances in contact with water. By the observations just alluded to, Volta was led to the discovery of the electric pistol, in which, by means of an electric spark, the sudden combustion of hydrogen, produces a loud explosion. This gave birth to the hydrogen gas lamp. That discovery which contributed most to his fame, and which will always remain a monument to his genius, is a new method of producing electricity. Galvani, being engaged in some anatomical experiments, perceived that two heterogeneous metals, connected by the intervention of a frog, produced in the muscles of this animal a sudden commotion, similar to an electric shock. Struck with this phenomenon, Gal-

vani and some other philosophers endeavored to explain it by a fluid *sui generis*, which they called animal electricity. Volta's opinion was widely different. He contended that the fluid was nothing more than common electricity, developed by the contact of two metals, and that the frog only acted the part of conductor and electroscope. He had been admired for the indefatigable perseverance with which he endeavored to prove the truth of his explanation. He succeeded in his experiments, and replied victoriously to his adversaries who no longer opposed him in making to the scientific world the invaluable gift of the apparatus known by the name of the Voltaic Pile. Having discovered that the contact of different metals, called a pair of Voltaic element, produces a certain quantity of electricity, he was enabled to increase this quantity by the union of several of these elements to one another by means of water holding in solution a salt or an acid. It is the union of all these couples which is called the Voltaic Pile, and which forms an apparatus capable of producing electricity with a force to which no one has been able to find a limit since there is no limit to the size and number of the elements which can be thus brought together. The writer of the article from which we have made this hasty abstract, is enthusiastic in his panegyrics upon the genius and learning of Volta, and the services he rendered to science. He placed in the hands of experimenters an inexhaustible mine of rich discoveries, in giving them the Pile, and established legitimate claims upon their gratitude and their regret.

The Obituary, concludes with a statement of coincidences as sad as they were singular. The same day and the same month, which terminated the life of Alexander Volta, were the month and the day which witnessed the death of Laplace. "A singular concurrence between two

of the greatest geniuses of the age, so different otherwise in the paths which they followed in the pursuit of science. If one by his inventive genius has opened a new career to the sagacity of the human mind, the other, by a force of conception which raised him to the most sublime generalizations, has traced a route which no person, perhaps, will attempt to follow. The theory of the world, begun by Newton, can expect no future Laplace; that of electricity, which owes its great progress to Volta, has a right to ask a Laplace."

#### BABYLON.

The Tower of Babel, says a recent traveller in the east, now presents the appearance of a large mound or hill, with a castle on the top, in mounting to which the traveller now and then discovers, through a light sandy soil, that he is treading on a vast heap of bricks. The total circumference of the ruin is 2,236 feet, though the building itself was only 2000, allowing 500 to the stadia, which Herodotus assigned as the side of the square. The elevation of the west side is 193 feet. What seems to be a castle at a distance, when examined, proves to be a solid mass of kila burnt brick, 37 feet high, and 23 feet broad.

#### MUSICAL COACH.

A new carriage has been made in Paris, for an Hourly Coach, in a style as yet untried on this side of the Atlantic. The step is in the form of a stair-case, with a ballustrade. The doors, instead of opening on hinges, run in a groove, and slide inside of the panels. It is lined with Scotch stuff, and mirrors are placed between the windows, to enable ladies to arrange their dress, when disordered by the wind. Under the coachman's box, is a musical instrument, which plays the principal Airs in the Opera of the *White Lady*, after which the coach is named.

## PUNCTUALITY.

Washington accomplished the most part of his great works, with apparent ease, by a rigid observance of punctuality. It is known that whenever he assigned to meet Congress at noon, he never failed to be passing the door of the hall when the clock struck twelve. His dining hour was four, when he always sat down to his table, only allowing five minutes for the variation of timepieces, whether his guests were present or not. It was frequently the case with new members of Congress, that they did not arrive until dinner was nearly half over, and he would remark:—"Gentlemen, we are punctual here: my cook never asks whether the company has arrived, but whether the hour has." When he visited Boston in 1789, he appointed 3 o'clock in the morning as the hour he should set out for Salem, and while the Old South clock was striking eight, he was crossing his saddle. The company of cavalry which volunteered to escort him, not anticipating this strict punctuality, were parading in Thermont street, after his departure; and it was not until the President had reached Charles river bridge, where he stopped a few minutes, that the troop of horse overtook him. On passing the corps, the President with perfect good nature, said:—"Major——, I thought you had been too long in my family, not to know when it was eight o'clock." The following anecdote was related by captain Pease, the father of the stage establishment in the United States. He had purchased a beautiful pair of horses, which he wished to dispose of to the President, who he knew was an excellent judge of horses. The President appointed 5 o'clock in the morning to examine them at his stable. The Captain, thinking the hour too early for so great a man to be stirring, did not arrive with the horses until a quarter after five, when he was told by the groom that the

President was there at five, and was then fulfilling other engagements. Pease was much mortified, and called on Major Jackson, the secretary, to apologise for his delay, and to request the President to appoint some new time; and he added that he found the President's time was wholly pre-occupied for several days, and that he was compelled to stay for a week in Philadelphia on expense, before the examination took place, merely for delaying the first quarter of an hour.

## INGENUITY.

A few days since we had the gratification of witnessing a striking instance of what human ingenuity, in conjunction with indefatigable perseverance, is capable of accomplishing. A young gentleman, a native of this place, has printed several copies, one of which we have perused, of an 18mo. work, extending to nearly seventy pages. Our readers, we believe, will be scarcely able to credit the fact, that this ingenious youth made the whole of the types, consisting of various sizes, with his own hand, and with the assistance of no other implement than a penknife. He also constructed the press with which the work was printed, and manufactured his own ink. What is perhaps, as singular, is, that he composed, corrected, and printed, the whole impression with his own hand, without ever having received the slightest direction from any individual, or ever having seen or had any idea of a printing establishment, or any thing belonging to it.—*Elgin Courier. Mirabile!*

A half-witted callan, John, who lived near Glasgow, was sent to the Laird of "Crosmy-loof," with a present of some game, from the Laird Maxwell, of Brediland, near Glasgow. The landlady being in the kitchen, asked him to step in, and ordered the servants to give him some bread and milk.—As soon as the Laird heard of

his arrival, he came down to enquire what news the messenger brought of his friend's family. During the conversation, the Laird perceived a fly in the milk, and told John to take it out. "Never mind" said the simpleton, "it's no sae deep; it can wade out." The master took the hint, and ordered more milk. "Dinna trouble yourself," rejoined the lad, "I've as muckle milk, as I hae bread for." This second hint produced the desired effect.

#### A PRINCELY MOTHER.

Maria Theresa, the beautiful queen of Francis I. Emperor of Germany, to whom she was married in 1736, was the mother of fifteen or sixteen children, of whom ten were elevated to imperial power:—These were Joseph II: Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, and afterwards Emperor; Maximilian, Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, and Elector of Cologne; Ferdinand, Arch Duke of Milan; Caroline, Queen of Sicily; Maria Antoinette, Queen of France; Maria Amelia, Arch Duchess of Parma; Christina, Arch Duchess of the Low Countries; Mariana, Arch Abbess of Prague and Clagenfurth; and Elizabeth, Duchess of Inspruck.

#### THE ROMANCE OF LOVE.

A young lady of great beauty, residing in Paris was beloved by a young painter, whose passion was met with equal ardour. The parents of the young lady refused their assent to the marriage, and despair taking possession of the lovers, they took poison together, on the 27th of last month, but doubtful of its producing death, they attached cords over the beam of the door, and were found suspended, their hands locked together, and both quite dead. Letters were found in her room addressed to their parents.

The event created a great sensation in Paris.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL SITUATION OF THE RUSSIANS AND TURKS.—

Between the Danube and Constantinople lie Bulgaria and a principal part of Romelia, the former of which is an agricultural district; rich in soil, but thinly inhabited, and is separated by the Danube, from the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia. The part of Romelia towards Constantinople, consists chiefly of downs; but between Bulgaria and Romelia exists the great obstacle to the progress of the Russians. By reference to the map it will be seen, that the latter province is separated from the former by a chain of mountains called the Balkan, extending from the Black Sea to the Adriatic. Of the five passes over these mountains the Russians will in all probability, attempt to cross by one of the two lying on the east. The length of these paths is about thirty miles; though, owing to the various ridges in the mountains and the deviousness of the roads, they may be estimated at nearly one hundred miles across; added to this must be taken into consideration, the number of ravines to be crossed over bridges of the worst description; the paths, too, are so slippery as to render it almost impossible to convey artillery along the ledges of the precipitous sides of the mountains. All the natural barriers contribute to enhance the difficulty of the passage over the Balkan, and will enable a few troops to defend the passes against a great superiority of force. Amongst the ridges which strike out from the main chain lies the fortified town of Shumla, whence the two eastern passes of the Balkan diverge. The population of this town is estimated at 60,000; its fortifications consist of ramparts of earth and brick walls, which, however weak and contemptible they may appear to military men accustomed to estimate defences, by the scale of European warfare, form a very efficient defence in the hands of

the Turks. It is here that in all their contests with Russia, they have had entrenched camps, and beyond it the Russians have never been able to penetrate. Another serious enemy to be encountered by the Russian forces is the climate; the swamps of Moldavia and Wallachia are loaded with miasma, and an army can never stay long in those countries without sustaining dreadful losses.

Moldavia is separated from the Russian dominions by the Pruth which running almost due south, falls into the mouth of the Danube not far from its embouchures. It is near this conflux that Ismail stands, which Suwarrow won from the Turks, after a memorable day of carnage. Here are situated Brailo and Isarchi, which have just surrendered; the latter Suwarrow took with ease, for it was not a strong place. It is here that a part of the Emperor's army crossed the Danube; and here he built a bridge where Darius crossed in his Scythian expedition some time before him, and also built a bridge, of which much is said in Herodotus. Ascending the Danube, a course three days sail, but only ninety miles in a direct line, in which at first the river runs due South, then taking a sudden turn, it flows directly East and West, there are many points at which the Danube has been crossed at various times. Passing Silistria, a fortified town on the Bulgarian bank, is Rustchuk, another place of strength; where the main rout from Constantinople, through Shumla, crosses the Danube. On the opposite side to Rustchuk is a Turkish fort, Giurdize. It is between Rustchuk and Silistria that another division of the Russian Army has traversed the river, whose average breadth, in this quarter is two miles. The troops which crossed at this point, and those which crossed nearer the mouth, converged to a point lying between them, where the Emperor Nicholas pitched his camp.

This spot is Badadagh, no other than the ancient Tomi, the exile of Ovid. Badadagh lies about forty-five miles from Galiz, a town very near the junction of the Pruth and the Danube. The taking of Brailow was therefore, imperative on the Russian Army, for the purpose of enabling their flotilla to pass up the river.— This being accomplished, the other forts on the Danube, Silistria and Rustchuk, &c. are to be taken, when the forces may safely concentrate, upon Shumla, after which the most difficult part of the business remains. The Turks are the most obstinate people in the world to beat from behind a wall, a mound or a rock: they are like wild beasts in their lair; all enemies have found them so; places which Europeans could not defend, and which they would never dream of rendering tenable, Turks will hold until their assailants walk over their dead bodies.—The Porte is well aware of this fact, and never takes any pains to erect or repair fortresses towards the land; they trust to old walls. It is an invasion by sea only that they fear; were an army to land on the south side of the Balkan, there is nothing that could oppose its progress. Constantinople would be taken by storm, and Mahomet share the fate of Constantine. Towards the sea, all the coasts of the sea of Marmora bristle with forts.—

An institution has been recently opened at Hartford Conn. by members of the Episcopal Church, for the education of colored lads who give promise of future usefulness as missionaries, catechists, or school-masters. It is formed with more particular reference to the contemplated Mission on the African Coast.

#### NEW JUVENILE PAPER.

The smallest newspaper in the known world, without any dispute, has just reached us from Salem. It



is called 'The Hive,' and may be read profitably by all our little statesmen and stateswomen, in the nursery before breakfast. The paper is five inches long, by three in width. It has not declared itself on the Presidential question. *Boston Pal.*

#### SINGULAR ENDOWMENT.

A lad, in our city, (says the Washington City Chronicle,) by the name of Ord, now in the tenth year of his age, possesses the uncommon faculty of making calculations and answering difficult Arithmetical questions by the operation of his mind, without the aid of figures. He has been repeatedly examined, by different persons, and has uniformly excited the admiration and surprise of those who have witnessed the readiness and correctness with which he answers questions that are proposed to him. On a recent occasion, happening to be in company with several gentlemen who had heard of his possessing this singular talent, for the purpose of exercising it, the following question was submitted to him for solution:

If I give away  $\frac{1}{4}$  and  $\frac{1}{5}$  of a bushel, what will I have left of 2 bushels from which I made the distribution?

After a few moments he answered correctly,  $\frac{43}{60}$ ths of a bushel.

An arithmetician who was present when the question was submitted, undertook to solve it by the use of figures which he effected, but not until the answer had been given by the boy.

For the purpose of hearing him converse, which he does with considerable readiness for so young a boy, he was then asked—

If a pair of boots cost six dollars, what will a hat cost?

He answered—different prices, and in his turn submitted to the gentleman with whom he was speaking, the following:

If a bushel of coal cost 64 cents, what will a cord of wood come to?

The gentleman answered—I don't know. It will come to ashes, said the boy.

The following was then propounded to him:

If  $\frac{7}{10}$ ths of a yard of cassimere cost \$2 25, what will one yard and a quarter cost?

He answered, with his usual precision, \$4 02 cts. and  $\frac{12}{28}$ ths of a cent.

#### CHANCES OF MARRIAGE.

When a young girl reaches the age of fifteen or sixteen years, she begins to think of the mysterious subject of matrimony; a state, the delights of which her youthful imagination shadows forth in the most captivating forms. It is made the topic of light and incidental discourse among her companions, and it is recurred to with increasing interest every time it is brought upon the *tapis*. When she grows a little older, she ceases to smatter about matrimony, and thinks more intently on the all important subject. It engrosses her thoughts by day and her dreams by night; and she pictures to herself the felicity of being wedded to the youth for whom she cherishes a secret, but consuming flame. She surveys herself in the mirror, and, as it generally tells "a flattering tale," she turns from it with the pleasing conviction, that her beauty will enable her to conquer the heart of the most obdurate, and that, whoever else may die in a state of "single blessedness," she is destined to become, ere many years roll by, a happy bride.

From the age of eighteen to twenty is the "very witching time" of life. During that period, the female heart is more susceptible of the soft and tender influences of love than at any other; and we appeal to our fair readers to say, whether, if inclination alone was consulted in the business, more marriages would not take place during that ticklish season, than in any by which it is preceded or follow-

ed. It is the grand climacter of love; and she who passes it, without entering into the state matrimonial, may chance to pass several years of her life, ere she is caught in the meshes of Hymen. The truth is, that the majority of women begin to be more thoughtful when they have turned the age of twenty. The giddiness of the girl gives place to the sobriety of the woman. Frivolity is succeeded by reflection; and reason reigns where passion previously held undisputed sway. The cares and anxieties of life press themselves more on the attention; and as its sober realities become more palpable, they tend to weaken the effect of the sanguine anticipations of unmingled felicity in the marriage state which the mind had formed in its youthful daydreams. In short, to use a common phrase, women, after they are twenty-one, "look before they leap"

Matrimony, however, though not so ardently longed for by the damsel who has passed what we have styled the grand climacter of love, is never lost sight of, either by the youngest or the most aged spinster in his Majesty's dominions. It is a state on which the eyes of the whole female world are turned with the most pleasurable anticipations; and the spinster of forty is as full of hope of one day being married, as the damsel of twenty-one. But sorry as we always are to utter any thing which may tend to damp the hopes or cloud the prospects of a fair lady, truth compels us to say, that, when once she has crossed the line, which, on the map of love, is marked thirty, the chances are fearfully against the probability of her obtaining a husband, even of the sedate age of forty or fifty. If she pass many degrees beyond the line, her state becomes almost hopeless, nay desperate, and she may reconcile herself to live and die an old maid. All experience confirms this lamentable truth. No wonder, therefore, that women make

a mighty secret of their age, and that they occasionally tell a pardonable fib, in the attempt to induce the men to believe they are several years younger than they really are. Who can blame them for practising a little finess on this awful subject, seeing that their age, if divulged, must utterly annihilate the chances of their ever enjoying the blessings of wedded love!

Experience as we have said, confirms this lamentable truth, that females who have passed the line, seldom reach the harbor of matrimony. Lest any of our fair readers should lay the "flattering unction to their souls," that though they have crossed that awful point in the voyage of life, they shall yet escape the rocks on which if they strike, all hopes of wedlock must be forever abandoned, we shall present them with a table, which, whilst it will exhibit to females their chances of marriage at various ages, will prove the truth of the positions which have been already advanced on the subject. The table to which we are about to draw their attention is extracted from the "report of the select committee of the House of Commons on the laws respecting friendly societies." It was drawn up by Dr. Granville, a physician of very extensive practice, connected with several public institutions in London. The Doctor, whose attention had been directed to the statistical questions of the increase of population among the poor, thought that the public institutions to which he belonged might be made available in obtaining the information that he wanted. For this purpose he put questions to the females, who from time to time came under his care, to ascertain the earliest age at which women of the poorer classes marry. He submitted to the committee the registered cases of 876 women; and the following table, derived from their answers as to the age at which they respectively mar-

ried; it is the first ever constructed to exhibit to females their chances of marriage at various ages. Of the 376 females, there were married,

	Years of age.	Years of age:	
3	at 13	28	27
11	14	22	28
16	15	17	29
43	16	9	30
45	17	7	31
76	18	5	32
115	19	7	33
118	20	5	34
86	21	2	35
85	22	0	36
59	23	2	37
53	24	0	38
36	25	1	39
24	26		

It is to be borne in mind, that the females whose relative ages at the time of their marriage are above exhibited, were all of the lower classes. Among an equal number from the middling or higher classes, we should not probably find so many as 195, or more than one fifth married under the age of 19; or so few as one sixteenth part after 28; or only one thirtieth part after thirty.

From this curious statistical table, our fair readers may form a pretty accurate judgment of the chances which they have of entering into the holy state of matrimony, and of enjoying the sweets (we say nothing of the bitters) of wedded love.—They ought always however, to remember that such of them as, independently of personal charms, possess the more powerful recommendation of propriety, will be deemed eligible as wives whatever may be their age.

#### FEMALE EDUCATION,

Is of immense importance, as connected with domestic life. It is at home where man generally passes the largest portion of his time, where he seeks a refuge from the vexation and embarrassment of business and enervating repose from exertion, a relaxation from care, by the interchange

of affection; where some of his finest sympathies, tastes, moral and religious feelings are nourished; there is the treasure of pure and disinterested love, such as is seldom found in the busy walks of a selfish and calculating world. Nothing can be more desirable than to make one's domestic abode the highest object of his attachment and satisfaction.

Well ordered home, man's best delight to make,

And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,  
With every gentle care eluding art

To raise her virtues, animate the bliss,

And sweeten all the toils of human life—

This be the female dignity and praise.

Neither rank, nor splendid mansions, nor expensively furnished apartments, nor luxurious repasts, can accomplish these objects. They are to be obtained only from the riches of elevated principles, from the nobility of virtue, from the splendour of religious and moral beauty, from the banquet of refined taste, affectionate deportment, and intellectual pleasures. Intelligence and piety throw the brightest sunshine over the dwellings of private life, and these are the results of female education.

Intelligence and animated discourse eminently exalt the dignity, and multiply the charms of every female that can excel in them.

It is a sacred and home-felt delight  
A sober certainty of walking bliss.

She who can hold an elevated course of conversation; whose mind soars above the trifles and common things of time and sense; who is distinguished for well digested opinions, sensible remarks, habits of thinking and observation, good judgment, and a well disciplined temper, is a perpetual source of blessings and exhalation to all within her circle. She will make home all that is desirable, so that none of her household will need or wish to seek elsewhere for happiness. They will be able "to drink waters out of their own cisterns, and running waters out of their own wells."



## THE CROUP.

The following simple remedy, says the Charlottesville Advocate, for Croup, is sanctioned by the experience of John D. Godman, M. D. and, as will be seen by the following extract, strongly recommended by him. The simplicity of the remedy, and the facility of its application, bespeak for it a trial. He states that it "has never caused vomiting, vertigo, or any distressing symptom in my experience;" and that this accords with the experience of two other eminent physicians, who had recommended its use to him.

*Of the external use of Tobacco in the Croup.*—Whenever children are threatened with an attack of cynanche trachealis (Croup) I direct a plaster covered with dry Scotch snuff, varying in size according to the age of the patient, to be applied directly across the top of the thorax, and retained there till all the symptoms disappear. The remedy is found to be always effectual when applied to the first and second stages of the malady. This mode of treatment was, from prejudice or scepticism, neglected by me, and, in one instance in which, with very considerable difficulty, one of my children was rescued by the ordinary treatment. But on being urged to make trial of the snuff plaster, I determined to make the experiment, whenever opportunity presented. This was not long wanting, and when called to a child labouring under all the symptoms of the early stage of croup, such a plaster, (made by greasing a piece of linen, and covering it well with snuff) was directed to be applied to the chest. The event was most happy: the symptoms of tracheal irritation, and half-crouping cough, ceased shortly after; the child fell into a profound sleep, with gentle perspiration; and by the next morning was free from all distressing symptoms. The plaster was re-applied for a night or two following, and then discontinued.

Since that time, my family has been saved from a great deal of anxiety and alarm, to which previously they were subject, as we were obliged to keep Coxe's love syrup, tartar emetic, and all other articles resorted to, constantly ready to meet the attacks of Croup, which were very sudden and frequent in cold wet seasons. Since then, we have found nothing necessary but the snuff plaster. If a child is heard to breathe hoarsely, or cough, with any thing of the dreadful sound of croup, it is only necessary to apply the snuff plaster, and we feel under no further anxiety. Instead of having to watch with the child all the rest of the night, when once the snuff is applied, we go to rest again, with a feeling of entire security, which we have never had the least cause to regret.

## FROM DR. RUSH'S LECTURES.

The exercise of the faculties in *composing*, whether in prose or poetry, has a wonderful effect in strengthening and facilitating their operations. It is for this reason, that the composition of letters, declamations, disputes, and orations, form an essential part of education in all well-conducted seminaries of learning. In attending public instruction, young men are taught by their masters, but in committing their thoughts to paper, they teach themselves. "The man," says Dr. Clarke, "who wishes to become eminent in any profession, must read much, think much, and write much." Those last of the exercises of the mind of which it is capable. Dr. Priestly has made it a constant practice to write upon every subject which he wishes to understand perfectly, and to this thirst for extensive and accurate knowledge may be ascribed, in part, his numerous publications. Even wit is developed by means of the inkstand. Dr. Arbuthnot, the friend of Swift, never said a witty thing in company, but his miscellaneous writings show that

he possessed that talent in an eminent degree. The wit and satire of Peter Pindar, flow likewise on paper. In conversation it is said, he is not distinguished by them from other men.

#### THE FACULTIES.

Poets, we are told, acquire great ideas from a familiarity with mountains, oceans, and other majestic works of nature, and mathematicians become correct in their modes of reasoning by habits of demonstration, that are obvious to their senses. In like manner, may we not conceive that the faculties of the mind, when long and often stretched by contemplating the immensity of the Supreme Being, may be fitted by it for discovering and embracing truth in all its extent upon other subjects? It is somewhat remarkable, that the greatest improvements that have been made, have been by men who had previously increased the dimensions of their minds, by philosophical and devout contemplations on the Creator of the Universe. You will readily anticipate the names of these men. They were Bacon, Newton, and M'Laurin in natural, and Locke, Hartley, and Reid, in metaphysical science.

#### *From the Natchez Galaxy.*

##### KICKING THE RIVER OFF.

Some two or three months since, a huge and shapeless bundle arrived at the post-office in this City, direct or indirect, as the case may be, from the 'General City,' and marked 'FREE.' Nothing 'remarkable' was observed about the bundle aforesaid, until the lapse of two or three days, when, to the amazement of the deputy Postmaster, it gave evident signs of vitality. What in the name of ghosts and hobgoblins was to be done? A consultation of the Medical faculty was proposed, but as fees were at that time

"Like *Angelo* visits, few and far between," it was strongly suspected they might

'report' the yellow fever or small pox. That would not do—as for an inquest of lawyers, there was no other objection than that of their dividing the contents of the bundle among themselves, by way of 'inducement' to further inquiry. The next proposition was to summon the ancient jury "*de ventre inspiciendo*," (keep the Latin dictionary away from the ladies) but the rapidly increasing rotundity of this wonderful bundle placed the only point within their jurisdiction at rest.—What in the name of John Bull could it be? Some supposed the rats had found their way into this non-descriptive. Others supposed the Masons were smuggling Morgan up the Mississippi. Others again supposed Henry Clay had papered *Old Nick* himself, and, through executive patronage, had sent him by mail down the river to frisk his ponderous tail among the Jackson folks. But the more reflecting part of our citizens arrived at the sage conclusion that it was the TARIFF, as that was currently reported to be a huge monster, hooved and horned—with as many hands as had Briarcue—two mouths at each head, and eat three South Carolinians and a bale of cotton at every meal, and swallowed a Georgian whole, by way of a dessert. Pro—di—gi—ous!!!! What was to be done! To peep into it, would violate Uncle Sam's injunction. To remove it from the office—one would as soon attack old Beelzebub himself. There it lay, swelling and swelling like Esop's frog, until the fourth day, when to the no small amusement of our friend Lyle, and the utter consternation of Willy his boy, snap went the strings, open flew the envelope, and forth crept a—what think you reader—a snake? No. A monkey? No—a rat or frog? No no—neither frog, rat, monkey, snake nor *Old Nick*. Amazement seize ye, it was a—*pumpkin vine!*

The truth of the story appears to be this. A large bundle was

mailed at Washington for this place in which was deposited a quantity of pumpkin seed, of very rare kind we presume. It is well known that the streams of water this side of the mountain, and particularly in this Southern country, are unusually swollen in the spring of the year, so much so that in crossing them, the mail is frequently immersed in water. Such appears to have been the case in the present instance.—At any rate, a high degree of humidity having reached the pumpkin seed aforesaid, caused them to vegetate, much to the annoyance of our Postmaster, and against the peace and dignity of the citizens of this city.

We extract a couple of eloquent paragraphs from a long article in John Neal's Yankee:

"Our manufacturing interest is beginning to wear a shape that will not bear to be tampered or trifled with. New England is alive with machinery—the machinery of water-falls, and congregated seas. The whole sea board are awake to the privileges which have been secured to her by charter, as old as the skies, and as secure as the foundations of the earth, and her whole interior is lighted up with a new spirit—a spirit that will not be rebuked. Her woods are beginning to roar like the sea when it moves with a slow, steady, uninterrupted heave along the whole shore of the Atlantic. Her waters are travelling into new channels, and her woods are vanishing as before a storm. A few years more, and the roughest part of this rude country will be roaring to the blast of furnaces, and sounding with the din of wheels.

"But comforting to the very soul of a New Englander, as every such view is, and invigorating as it is to our best energy and proudest hope, there is yet another of more importance, and a better established foundation—better by far, inasmuch as intellectual supremacy, or to speak

more cautiously, intellectual elevation is more to be coveted than either riches or gold. New England has had her day in the councils of our country by palpable authority; her day of indirect and invisible authority is yet to come. Nor is it far off—nor will it be slow in its approach. Of invisible authority I say, because it will be no subject of jealousy or heart burning, or terror. For who are they who are to be jealous of New England? The children, and the children's children of New England? And of what are they to be jealous—of power, that may intermingle its dread, stupifying or exasperating influence, with all the charities of life, the inheritance of their children, and the birth right of posterity? Oh no! But of that holy and just persuasion with which the educated and moral bear sway every where, and among every people."

#### ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

"Ever carry about with you such a sense of the uncertainty of every thing in this life, and of life itself, as to put nothing off till to-morrow, which you can conveniently do to-day. Dilatory persons are frequently exposed to surprise or hurry in every thing that belongs to them. The time is come and they are unprepared. Let the concerns of your soul and your shop, your religion and your business, be always in such order, as far as possible, that death, at a short warning, may be no occasion of a disquieting tumult in your spirit, and that you escape the anguish of a bitter repentance in a dying hour. Farewell."

Phrocinus, a considerable East-land merchant, happened upon a copy of these advices, about the time he permitted his son to commence a partnership with him in his trade; he transcribed them with his own hand, and made a present of them to the youth, together with the articles of partnership. Here, young man,

said he, is a paper of more worth than these articles. Read it over once a month till it is wrought in your very soul and temper. Walk by these rules, and I can trust my estate in your hands. Copy out these counsels in your life, and you will make me and yourself easy and happy.

Some of the witty Editors of the quizzical city of New-York, are making themselves merry, at the expense of the poor New-Englanders, who have been so unfortunate as to pose their crop of *Pumpkins*, by the late high waters in that 'land of steady habits.' Here is a specimen of the provoking condolence of these 'Job's comforters.'

We most heartily sympathise with our brethren of New England, in the calamity which has befallen them, by the operation of the recent freshet. We learn with real pain that the fields in the vicinity of large streams, especially those near the Connecticut, that beautiful river that

"Gives blossoms to nature, and morals to man."

have been completely swept of their precious burthens of *PUMPKINS*. Those 'esculents lusty and lasting' were seen by their mournful proprietors, blooming along the torrents 'far beyond their depths'—and coursing on to that mighty 'bourne' the ocean, 'whence no such traveller returns.'

With what painful anxiety and continually disappointed hopes must the citizens have watched from their eminences overhanging the flood, this utter waste of their *vines*. With what longing and tear-filled eyes must they have seen their golden cheeked sides rolling along the stream—rising occasionally, as if imploring aid—their yellow beauties imparting to the flood a Pactolian richness. While as each followed other in rapid succession, or as they rolled on in "numbers without number" like the melon rafts on the Egyptian Nile, and were borne along far beyond their gaze, how the forms of thanksgiving pies must have risen

upon their mind, as things to be 'indulged but in fancy.' What to them must have been the miserable duty of three or four cents on molasses, when *PUMPKINS*, without which molasses is an heterogenous element, were passing away, 'like the baseless fabric of a vision.'

We speak feelingly on the subject—and who is he that has known the luscious sweets of a pumpkin pie, 'large, round and spacious,' that bath not a tear for the calamity?

'Ye who have eat them only know their sweetness,  
'Ye who have lost them, or who fear to lose,  
Can only mourn them right.'

#### BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

In reply to daily inquiries in relation to the Bunker Hill monument, the Bunker Hill Aurora states that the work has been discontinued—the funds, it is said, are exhausted, and the Association have mortgaged the 15 acres of land, to the amount of \$15,000. The land cost about \$25,000, and it is estimated to have doubled in value. About \$50,000 are necessary to complete the work, and redeem the land, which is the estimated value of the land. A meeting of the Association was held some time since; what measures were determined upon were not known.

#### PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

The following praise-worthy modification of the penal laws of the state of New York, has been adopted by the senate, now employed in their revision. It is still a question whether the evils which result from public executions do not more than counterbalance their good effects—and certain it is that there are but few assemblies in which more heartlessness and profanity are exhibited, than in the crowds that throng around the foot of the gallows—and nearly all the executed, are magnified into saints, martyrs and heroes, thereby creating false ideas of the obligations

due to God and man.

Sec. 27. Such punishment shall be inflicted either in the prison where the convict shall be confined, or within an enclosed yard of such prison, if there be one, or in some enclosure adjoining such prison at the discretion of the sheriff, whose duty it shall be to inflict such punishment.

#### TO MAKE DURABLE CANDLES.

Melt together ten ounces of mutton tallow, a quarter of an ounce of camphor, four ounces of bees-wax, and two ounces of alum. They will be very hard and burn with a clear light.

Correspondence of Sam Foote and his mother.

Letter.

"Dear Sam: I am in Jail."

Answer.

"Dear Mother: So am I."

A schoolmaster who was as fond of the use of his grog as his globes, was asked the difference between gravity and gravitation—"When I've drunk five glasses of grog," replied the pedagogue, "my gravity vanishes, and my gravitation begins to operate."

#### ANEC—GOATS.

A boy walking on a dark night butted his head against a gate-post—he observed to his fellow, "if I had butted a little harder it w'd have kilt me;" "no," rejoined the other, "it w'dn't if it had been four-times as hard;" "yes it wuld" replied the butter, "mine is'n't a Goat's head."

ANOTHER.—At an American University, a number of the Students attended a tea-party—while sipping, two of them complained that they "could not get milk at their boarding-house," and jestingly spoke of several plans of remedying the evil: One suggested the plan of buying "a cow, and keeping her in partnership;"

"no," said the other, "we will have a Goat, and keep it at College"—"don't do that," replied a townsman, "there are too many Goats there already."

After the *ha, ha!*—was over, another city-man, proposed the Conundrum, "In what respect, do the students present, resemble a field of ripe grain?" He was answered, "because they have *drooping heads.*"

#### FOREIGN.

We give below, extracts of letters, up to the latest date, from Rio Janeiro. Peace between the contending powers is at length concluded. The National Intelligencer says that, the amount which will be paid to the owners of the brig *Spark* will, perhaps, nearly double that of their original claim.

Rio Janeiro, August 29.

"Peace between Brazil and Buenos Ayres was signed yesterday. Brazil comes out of the war with the loss of a good deal of character, and burthened with debt.

"Mr. Tudor our Charge, has adjusted with this government the affair of the brig *Spark* to the satisfaction of the American owner. The aggravating circumstances of this case required that it should be settled first and by itself. It was, you know, this *Spark* that kindled such a flame in the United States against the Brazilians.

"This government has appointed a commission to settle with our citizens having claims upon it for injuries growing out of the war and the blockade. Arbitrators are to decide in cases where the commissioners and the claimants cannot agree. It is expected that these claims will be liquidated without much delay, and be paid, probably, in government bonds, received at the Custom House in satisfaction of duties.

"Mr. Tudor is at present engaged in forming a commercial treaty, and no doubt a treaty will be received at Washington before the end of the next session of Congress."

"RIO DE JANEIRO, 29th August, 1828.

The Treaty with Buenos Ayres, was signed yesterday evening—"both parties cede all pretensions to the Banda Oriental—which is to have an Independent Government, subject to the approbation (or inspection) of both the contracting parties, for the sole purpose of preventing any article being introduced contrary to civil liberty. The Buenos Ayrean Troops to retire from the Brazilian Territory in two months—hostilities to cease on land, and both Commanders being notified of the Treaty—Immediate measures are to be taken to form a provisional government



for the Banda Oriental.—1500 Brazilian Troops are to remain in Montevideo for the sole purpose of doing duty as police, for four months after the formation of a provisional government.—War at sea to cease—at Buenos Ayres, in 24 hours after the ratification of these articles—at Montevideo, 48 hours—off Cape Frio, 29 days—off the Coast of Africa, 69 days, and in the European Seas, 80 days.—Should the treaty not take effect, an armistice is to take place, for five years.—All these articles are guaranteed by Great Britain.—There is no doubt of the Treaty being ratified, as the Commissioners were ordered to accept much less advantageous terms, and they have now got all they could ask. The fair copies of the treaty are not yet made out, nor will they be ready to be despatched for Buenos Ayres for two or three days.

### OXFORD, NOV: 17.

On Monday, the 31<sup>st</sup> inst. was commenced, under its wonted promising auspices, the fifth year of the MIAMI UNIVERSITY. The session opens with about our usual number of students, and we are once more fairly settled down in our Academical employments. The young men, who have been long enough with us to look upon this as a home, have returned, refreshed and invigorated with their five weeks of vacation, ready to resume, with cheerfulness and alacrity, their studious habits with their books. We miss some few, who were formerly of our number, but their places are again supplied by "new faces;"—and these last, ceasing to be strangers, already begin to find themselves in their proper element. We hope to give a good account of all, when we are called to another separation.

The late English papers speak of abundant Harvests this season, not only in all England, but throughout the United Kingdom. Consequently, the price of Flour, which had risen to the enormous sum of \$10 per bbl. in some of the eastern cities of the U. S. on the report of a failure of crops in England, must fall to the former price, and carry with it many a falling Speculator.

The variation in the price of Flour, in the different parts of the world, is greater than most people would imagine. We give a specimen below, beginning at the metropolis of this state, and according with the last advices: At Cincinnati, \$4—At New York,

\$7—At Liverpool, \$6—At Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil in South America, \$14—At Montevideo, in Buenos Ayres, (South America) \$18, per barrel.

A plan for establishing a line of Steam packets from Ireland to America, is about to go into successful operation. An act of Parliament has incorporated the Valentia Trans-Atlantic Steam Navigation Company. The first vessel is engaged to make six voyages in the year.

The Governments of the Netherlands and Central America, are again discussing the project of uniting the waters of the Gulf of Mexico with the Pacific.

A late *Catalogue of Paintings, and specimens of the Arts*, published by the Cincinnati Academy of Fine Arts, has, among other articles, "A newly invented Stabbing Machine!!"

We learn from the Cincinnati Chronicle, that "Messrs E. Lane, & Co. of New Orleans, have liberally given, for the establishment of a Literary and Theological Seminary, in the vicinity of that city, a sum, which they guarantee shall, within the next three years, amount to \$4,000, and one-fourth part of the proceeds of their Mercantile establishment thereafter."

There is a Board of Trustees, now making the necessary preliminary arrangements; and a Committee is already appointed, to select a farm, on which to locate the buildings, of the institution.

In the 20th number of the Register, we published a short extract from the N. Hampshire Statesman of the 4th Oct. stating that the Cincinnati Theatre was about to be converted into a Presbyterian Church.

This has called forth, an illustrated, pointless Editorial article, of considerable length, in "The Pandect," of the 11th Inst. The writer of that article has not been quite so "wide awake for news" as an Editor ought to be, or he would have known that the "blunder" did not originate with the Editors of the Register.

We had seen this obnoxious item in some half a dozen newspapers, Western as well as "Eastern," and though it had not been published in the *Pandect*, (we make no allu-

sion to the etymology of the name) yet, as it had not been *contradicted* in that *very accurate* paper, we, in our credulity, believed it, and at length, without considering it of much importance, published it.

We are certainly much obliged to the Editors of the Pandect for their friendly smiting, especially as they have seen fit to pass by others, who are equally guilty with ourselves of being "wide awake for news," and of forgetting their responsibility "to God as well as the public for their statments," and to visit the crime of extracting this unpardonable blunder upon our heads. Will the Editors of the Pandect, be so good as to furnish us, and other *blundering* Editors in the country, with an accurate account, corrected weekly, of all the sayings and doings of the good people of Cincinnati, as it is of such ponderous importance to be free from the least "blunder" in such matters.

*It might have been worse.*—About 11 o'clock, on Wednesday morning, we were roused by the cry of *Fire!* in the College Edifice. Hastening to the scene of alarm, which was in a room of the third story of the main building, we soon learned the cause of the out-cry. The smoke was gushing from beneath the floor, along the wall, and gave every indication, other than the actual appearance of flame, that fire was in the vicinity. "A concealed enemy is worse than an open foe." The wash-board was immediately torn off, when it was discovered that we had less to dread than had been apprehended. It was observed, that the smoke issued from crevices in the wall. One of the sooty chimneys of the old wing had caught fire, and through some concealed aperture, had leaked into a cavity of the wall, whence that which had been the cause of the alarm had escaped.

Simple as this may appear, the fear of danger was not causeless; and we repeat, it might have been worse. But nothing is unattended with some good!—this little incident may teach important lessons. Carelessness should be carefully guarded against, in the management of our fires, lest neglect eventuate in something more serious. And we are reminded of the necessity of some precautionary measures, to enable us to combat, with a prospect of success, real dangers of this nature—an Engine and cisterns would

be found valuable auxiliaries, should a case ever occur, requiring a test of their utility.—The suggestions, we trust, will one day, be made in a more *Official* manner.

An election for Justice of Peace, in this place, on Wednesday the 5th inst. resulted in the reelection of A. J. Chittenden Esq. Some few, attempted to make the Presidential question a test, but it would not do—there was too much good sense in the township. We would say nothing of the relative merits or demerits, of the successful or unsuccessful candidates. Neither, are we in the habit of meddling with political affairs—but it is of equal importance to this township that it have good executive officers, as it is to these United States, to have a good President—and of what importance is it to either party, whether our Justice, supports Jackson, or the Administration. The question, should be, has the candidate *merit*?—that is the criterion by which voters should be regulated.—We protest against any other criterion.

The idea struck us forcibly, that the attempt, to make this great question have an effect upon township elections, (perhaps our readers may not approbate the simile) was like bringing the burthen of the Camel to bear upon a *gnat*.

We learn by a postscript of the Baltimore Gazette of Nov. 6th, that an express had reached that city with the information that the British Ports had been thrown open for the importation of foreign grain. The Gazette states that, flour and grain had already taken a great rise in the Baltimore market in consequence of this information.

The London papers give an account of a grand fancy ball lately given in that city, by the Marchioness of Londonderry. The cost of the ornaments which decorated her ladyship's person, is said to have exceeded \$400,000!—*Whistle!!*

A woman has been tried at Baltimore for bewitching the market people. Had she been a young one, it would be more probable.

## HYMENIAL.

### MARRIED.

On Wednesday, the 5th inst. by Rev. F. Monfort, Mr. SAMUEL GILMORE, of Preble, to Miss MARGARET, daughter of Col. David McMechan, of this county.

## POETRY.



## SELECTED.

*Try your hand girls, Leap Year's almost gone!*

One eve of beauty, when the sun  
Was sitting on the Guadalupe,  
To gold converting, one by one,  
The ripples of the mighty river,  
Beside me on the bank was seated  
A Seville girl with auburn hair,  
And eyes that might the world have cheated,  
A mild, bright, wicked, diamond pair.

She stoop'd and wrote upon the sand,  
Just as the loving sun was going,  
With such a soft, small, shining hand,  
I could have sworn 'twas silver flowing;  
Her words were three and not one more,  
What could Diana's Motto be?  
The Syren wrote upon the shore,  
"Death, not Inconstancy."

And then her two large languid eyes  
So turned on mine, that Cupid took me,  
I set the air on fire with sighs,  
And was the fool she chose to make me.  
St. Francis would have been deceived  
With such an eye, and such a hand,  
But one more week, and I believed,  
As much the women as the sand.

— Make the trial Girls, such an appeal  
as the above could hardly fail of having the  
desired effect. He will break all his resolu-  
tions to the contrary, and you will be en-  
abled to embark in a state of "double bles-  
sedness."

## AN OLIO.

## THE REPROACH.

You told me that my brow was fair,  
My eyes were laughing bright;  
In golden tresses hung my hair,  
My teeth were pearly bright.

My voice, you said, was sil'ry sweet,  
My lips were coral red;  
All beauty flies, Alas! how fleet,  
When hopes like mine have fled.

Yes! I awake from dreams of bliss,  
As false as they were fair;  
Forbear! Forbear! nay, do not kiss  
The picture of despair.

## HAPPINESS.

True happiness is not the growth of earth;  
The soil is fruitless if you seek it here:

'Tis an exotic of celestial birth.

And never blooms but in celestial air.

Sweet plant of Paradise! the seed is sown,  
And only sown in minds of heavenly mould,  
It rises slow, and buds; and ne'er was known  
To blossom here; the climate is too cold.

## MARRIAGE.

By Hymen's silken bands,  
They've bound their trothed hands;  
But love, a mightier cord,  
Mov'd the bride to choose her ward.  
"Their kindred hearts by love are join'd,  
"The union is for life;  
"May he a faithful husband prove,  
"And she a loving wife."

The first care of a good wife, is to have a  
good cook, or be one herself, and to have no  
cobwebs in the house.

Human virtue is like the dying Dolphin,  
exhibiting the most beautiful colors in dis-  
tress.

A toper's eye is like the moon, shining in  
borrowed radiance from his nose.

When I see a young man possess no more  
honor than to be twice dunned, I guess he  
will not make a respectable man.

When I see a man quit work because he  
has three or four hired men to oversee, I  
guess he will have to go to jail to pay them.

When I see a man suffer a simple wife to  
run in debt in a store for whatever she fan-  
cies, I guess he will soon wish he never had  
been married.

When I see a lady possess a large portion  
of pride and affection, I guess she lacks  
delicacy and sense.

When I hear a woman using profane lan-  
guage, I think it is time for swearing to be  
out of fashion.

When I pass by a house, and see the yard  
covered with stumps, old hoops, and broken  
wares, I guess the man is a horse jockey, and  
the woman a spinner of street yarn.

I love to gaze on a breaking wave. It is  
the only thing in nature, which looks the most  
beautiful in the moment of dissolution.

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